Nobodies Who Have Lately Captured Crowns.

By EDGAR SALTUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. The coral Caroline Island of Yap is in

mourning.

The King is dead.

This King, David O'Keefe, emerged from Erin, acquired here the rank and title of free-born American, refused to loiter in what is repertorially known as our midst, shipped as a mute on a trader, and, a shipped as a mute on a trader, and, a shipped as a mate on a trader, and, a typhoon aiding, was blown from the hatchways on to Yap, where the natives fancying from these symmastics that he descended, not from Cork, but from Above, saiuted him with prompt genufications sov-

ereign and overlord.

How in that somnolent, sultry atoll of the Facilic this Irishman ruled, rolled up riches and recently concluded to die belong to another story.

The point is that his adventures, however surprising and emotional, have for pendant other adventures more delightful still. Yes, indeed. To emigrate from Erin and become a King

shows luck. But to be born a slave and become an Emperor shows humor.

Soloque did that. Soloque began life with a saucepan and anded it with a scepter.

At the age of 50 he was a cook, very fat, very black, ignorant as a carp, unable to read, unable to write. But he could make his mark, and did.

Caught on the crest of a Haytian revolu-tion, he flung himself from it into power. On his return from a sable Marengo the President of the Senate capped him with a crown of pasteboard and acclaimed him Faustin I.

The proceeding, entirely opera bouffe, was embellished by the festivities that ensued. Soloque sent abroad for robes of state, parodled the coronation of Napoleon, created an immediate nobility, gratified a relative with the title of Prince of Water-mails, evolved another, the Druke of Mo. melon, evolved another into Duke of Mo-lasses Candy, and a third into Marquis of Rum Punch.

We are not making these things up. They

are all related by George d'Alaux, a writer, who was in Hayti at the time and who has left a book on this Offenbach monarchy. Beside it a Becket's "Comic History" is

LIKE RAILWAY FICTION.

LIKE RAILWAY FICTION.

But not the perfectly authenticated record of De Tonniens. The adventures of O'Keele predicate luck; those of Soloque waggery, but in the goings on of this chap there was enterprise, industry to boot, all the elements of railway fiction.

Who he originally was we once knew and have since forgotten. We remember, however, that not so long ago he set sail from France for Peru, accompanied by a cargo of umbrellas.

As in Peru it never value but it rouse.

As in Peru it never rains, but it pours, what he did with the cargo is conjectural. Perhaps he took it to Chile. In any event, one day, or it may be one night, he reached Araucania. At the time Araucania was on the map. A portion of it is still there. The rest Chile has gobbled.

Whether the umbrellas appealed to the imaginations of the inhabitants, and whether because of them they saw in the peddler a kindred King, is conjectural also but King he became.

That is history. It is history, too, that

under the style and title of Aurelius I he instituted a series of decorations which, like the umbrellas, he peddled about, Mean-while he had not neglected to establish a court.

According to advices less recent than re-liable in the portion of Aradcania that re-mains the court still endures. But the throne is empty. The enterprising peddler King is dead.

King is dead.

There is romance. It reads like fiction and happens to be fact. We regret very much that it should have escaped the attention of our late friend and brother in letters. Baron Harden-Hickey. In what manner the latter-who was born quite modestly in San Francisco-because Baron we never inquired.

There are mysteries which we profes to

We never inquired.

There are mysteries which we prefer to ignore rather than to elucidate. It may be that the Comte de Chambord, whose henchman he became, gave the title to him. It may be, also, that it was self-bestowed.

Tet fifteen years ago in Paris, where we first met him, he enjoyed, in addition to his problematic title, the formidable repute of being the crack duelist of France. A poet at his hours and always a scholar, he was doubly dangerous. His pen stung as promptly as did his sword.

Therewith he was an antithesis-made man He looked like a buccaneer, behaved like a

He looked like a buccaneer, behaved like a debutante, talked like Rabelaia, lived like a sage, wrote a book on suicide and edited a

WEARIED OF BOULEVARDS Presently he wearled of the boulevards, or they did of him, and on a trip to this country, he met Miss Flagler, a young helress, who subsequently became his wife. Meanwhile, he had met something else—an idea, the idea of hatching a monarchy for

He proposed to establish a kingdom at Trinidad, a speck of an island off the coast of Brazil where he also proposed to reign. Into this project he entered with a seriousness that was really beautiful to contempose the contempose that was really beautiful to contempose the contempose that was really beautiful to contempose the coast of the coast of

To us he deigned to offer the highly To us be deigned to offer the highly genteel post of poet laureate. We were much flattered, particularly as he then established a chancellerie in New York, another in London. But at this juncture the Powers intervened, or he said they did, and, ignorant of Araucania and its possibilities, suddenly he killed himself.

That was an absurd thing to do.

It is one of the disadvantages of death that it prevents you from participating in

that it prevents you from participating in the possibilities of life. Had Harden-Hickey lingered he might have been King. At that time there was another throne in waiting which another American grabbed.

waiting which another American grabbed.

This chap, whose name was David Briggs, was then occupying a hall bedroom on Fourth avenue.

He also occupied the heart of a shop girl. That heart and a handbag constituted his assets. These things he took to California, and out of it to the Pacifio. There, like O'Keefe, a storm caught him.

Precipitated on an island near Bora-Bora, the natives proceeded to fatten him. They would have eaten him, too, but a Princess passed that way.

passed that way.

Through the long grass she flew to her father, the King, wrung her little chocolate paws, and, sobbing, swore that the captive was an envoy of Omalea, the Great White Soul.

Soul.

At that, on his bamboo throne, the old cannibal shook with fright. Briggs was summoned, examined, freed.

To the south there were rebels. Briggs told the King how they could be quelled. At once from captive he convoluted into chamberlain. Had he yielded to the little cocca Princess he would have become consort also. But that memories of Fourth avenue prevented. Then the monarch's daughter sobbed herself to sleep. When they strove to wake her they found her slumber was deathfast.

WEPT ON BAMBOO THRONE. On his bamboo throne the old King sat and wept. But when the rebels were quelled he forgot and caroused. So did he eat of roasted pig, and so did he drink of paim wine, that with a grunt he fell over and died.

and died.

Briggs took his place.

Then presently again he sailed the seas, proceeded to Fourth avenue, found the shop girl tender and true, and, with her, returned to the little paradise in Polynesia, where, as King and Queen, they reign to-

There one might suppose that had she ambitions they would have rested. It was there they began.

Presently her husband, Hienfung, the son, mysteriously vacated the pinnet, leaving two widows—this woman and another. He left also a decree proclaiming as Emperor his son Tungche.

During the latter's minority the co-widows became co-regents. At the age of 16 the boy married and was allowed to fancy that he reigned. But not for long. In the same mysterious fashion that had attended his father's departure he, too, became a Guest of Heaven. In no time his wife followed. With her went an unborn child, who was presumptive heir.

MYSTERIOUSLY DIED. Is not that a pretty story? But prettiness is relative. We have a prettier one yet. It concerns a Frenchman, who spoke English with a German accent, and who, a few years since, crupted in the columns of a

residing somewhere in the Sea of Timor.
How he got there, we have forgotten, and it is too much bother to look it up; but it is all down in the story with which he sold the magazine and which he signed De Rougement. British magazine. Meanwhile he had bee

De Rougement.

According to that story his amusement in the Timor were quite varied. He rode turtles, built a house of pearls, made a hammock of sharkskin and fought with peilleans for fish. For visitors he had parrots, for almonacs stones. De Rougement.

According to that story his amusement in the Timor were quite varied. He rode turties, built a house of pearis, made a hammock of sharkskin and fought with pellicans for fish. For visitors he had parrots, for almanacs stones.

After years and years aborigines appeared, who, on beholding him, functed that they were dead and that he was the Great Spirit. How he undeceived them we have also forgotten. But the incident itself we

DEFENSE of the BACHELOR MAID in "RACE SUICIDE" CONTROVERSY THE CHOOSING OF WIVES

"WE DO NOT FLAUNT OUR FLAG OF INDEPENDENCE," DECLARES ONE OF HER NUMBER. "FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES IS RE-SPONSIBLE-MANY OF US HAVE NOT BEEN ASKED TO WED."



"SHOO!"

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC, If the American bachelor girl chooses her In the American bachelor girt chooses her lot from somewhat selfish reasons, these reasons are at least sane ones, and very different from those set forth by a colony of English women, who have recently formed a "society for promoting man in-difference."

"Why do I not marry?" said the bachelor girl, repeating the question, which was put to her rather abruptly, it must be confessed, but in all seriousness, nevertheless.

but in all seriousness, nevertheless.

"Because, oh, because I haven't been asked," was the unexpected reply, and all the fine theories of deliberate cruelty to the future race were dashed to the ground. Instead of hearing from these feminine ilps words of wisdom embodying psychological, economical and social problems of the day, this young woman had given the simplest and most natural explanation possible for her state of single blessedness.

Throwing off the mask of insentability.

Throwing off the mask of inscrutability, the bachelor girl confidentially began the elucidation thus:

shall always recall with pleasure. With envy, too. We know of nothing in fiction so cheerful. It was that, no doubt, which first captured the magazine.

In a subsequent footnote the editors declared that they declined to vouch for his veracity. The dear things, we bear them in our heart. We bear, too, Mr. R. Crusce de Roysement Muschesses. His

see de Rougemont-Munchausen. His im-agination did not give out there. He was capable of other fights. For, con-

ducted by the aborigines to the mainland, he then became King, potentate not merely of the people, but monarch of all he sur-veyed, which included ditches of diamonds

and guilles of gold-mere trifles that he abandoned for the better exercise of his genius and the production of a new edition of the Australasian Nights.

HERE'S A BETTER ONE

Is not that a good story, too? But wait

a bit. There is a better one coming. One,

parenthetically, that nothing in modern history can touch. No. indeed. To invent

the yarn with what Mr. Alice de Rouge-

mont gulled not merely a magazine, but the

British Association, predicates an honest

magination. To move as Briggs did from

a hall bedroom to a throne predicates origi-

To be born as Harden-Hickey was, a plain

To emerge as De Touniens did,

American, and plan to be King, predicates

from a peddler's pack into a royal purple, predicates guile. To exchange, as Solouque

iid, a saucepan for a scepter, predicates

To pass, as O'Keefe did, from a hatchway

to a regalia, predicates agility. But to be born in bonds, and to make the whole world

dom into fits, predicates more. It shows, or seems to show, the force of destiny. Tsi An did that. Tsi An was a little

slave girl. At the age of 11 she was pur-chased by a mandarin. In his household what she did not know she guessed, and what she could not guess she learned.

what she could not guess she learned. She learned to dance. A bee could not equal her. She learned to read. She knew a hundred stories, each more diverting than the last. On the tomtom she learned to strum. The three notes that are dear to the Orient she rendered surplingly. She learned things more difficult yet. She learned how to smile and how to hold her tongue.

Astonished at her versatility, the man-

darin sent her as a present to his sovereign, at Pekin. One day the son noticed her.

The slave became a favorite, and, becoming a mother, became a secondary wife. There one might suppose that had she ambitions they would have rested. It was

MYSTERIOUSLY DIED.

gasp, to startle nations and throw Christe

nality.

monial relations; that we deliberately discuss and decide what attitude we will take in regard to the appalling problem of the future of the human race and conclude that we are far better off as we are.

and happiness; but it isn't this fact that eligibles, while day by day she grows more admirable young men, but the question naturally suggests itself:

Are they not looking for cooks and house that the final plunge is in contact with men of business, usually married men, and from them she gets an long deferred. Sometimes it is indefinitely in regard to the appalling problem of the future of the human race and conclude that we are far better off as we are.
"We do not flaunt our flag of independence," go in for books and learning, for society rather skeptical as to its general de-and fads, instead of husbands, and try to have as good a time as we can without the "In this age of disillusionment we hear

serious consideration of men. "It sounds very wise and all that to hear that we bachelor girls have solved the perplexing problem of the age, but we can't even take credit to ourselves for that. Force of circumstances is responsible for the number of our kind in existence. opinion that no girl is too busy

"The society girl who is bent on having marrying, but she looks forward to matri-mony some day, and the girl who workselucidation thus:

"It's a mistake," she went on, "to suppose that we unmarried women sit down and calmly consider the pros and cons of matri
mony some day, and the girl who works—say a girl of the upper classes who finds she must earn her own living—if she makes a success of it finds that she has opened up for herself a delightful life of independence

the scenes. There she and IA Unhung Chang, drank tea together.
What their form of talk was, whether Manchu or Muscovite, is immaterial. With the result, the world is familiar.
Kwangsu, whose reign is officially described as the Continuation of Splendor, and who theoretically is the one being on earth, actually became a cipher; an atom.

earth, actually became a cipher; an atom, the nephew of the aunt, who, reappearing, shoved him behind the scenes and ascended

the Dragon Throne.

These symnastics rather exceed those of O'Keefe. Never till she climbed from her

scullery has a woman dreamed of mount

ing the Dragon sent. It is true that Russia boosted her. But it is also true that that seat is the oldest on earth. Before Troy, before Babylon, before Nineveh, it was, It is ancienter than the memory of things. It

And on to it that woman not merely climbed, but from its eminence, three sum-mers ago, she turned Pekin topay turvy and

To-day in its shadow she squats. The fact, interesting in itself, recent events render important. In the fate of that

throne resides, perhaps, the future of the

China at present is little more than a

buffer state between two Powers, and

should she, as is probable, ultimately be-come Russian, India will follow, Asia will be

Muscovite, and finally Europe as well.

Meanwhile at the helm that woman squats. Beside her the Sciouques, the De

Tonniens and the rest of the lot are very small boys. History will ignore them ut-

But in its gallery her place is assured. In

a blaze of firecrackers her portrait will hang between Lucretia and Catherine II.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Washington, March 6.-The broad thor-

oughfares of the capital and the pictur-

esquely wooded lanes of the suburbs are

most delightful for riding and driving, espe

cially from now on through the spring. This s particularly true of riding, which has

been even more generally adopted since the coming to Washington of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, it being their favorite form

The President rides every day, rain or

The President rides every day, rain or shine, and when it is pleusant and her social duties will permit it, Mrs. Roosevelt accompanies him. Mrs. Roosevelt never looks better than when on a horse, the trim, severe riding habit suiting most admirably her style, and to see her mounted on her beautiful dark bay horse ambling along at the side of the President, no one would for a moment judge her to be the mother of five children, so youthful and girlish does she appear.

The President has two splendid hunters

Bleistein being his favorite. It is a large, full-chested, bay horse, strong limbed, with a white star in the forehead and two white

OF THE CAPITAL

FAIR EQUESTRIENNES

threw Christendom into fits.

altogether too much about unhappiness. The disappointments of men and women who marry, are harped on and magnified. "Little remarks let fall now and then reveal the truth that all is not a path of roses, and the result is that the bachelor maid finds discouragement on every side. "She begins to turn over in her mind this problem of great unhappiness, she seeks to read the cause of it in the minds of her a good time wants to prolong her period of enjoyment just as long as she can before she deliberately curtails her freedom by favor of the unmarried state, or at least of

procrastination. makes up her mind to profit by the experi-

"The bachelor girl long ago ceased to worry over her bachelor state. As a general thing she finds plenty of enjoyment in the work she does and the independent life she leads, while the little troubles that come to her seem insignificent is comparison with the heartbrenking ones she sees on every side, so again she has cause to congratu-

late herself on her acumen." Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells told at a conference in Boston the other day of the success the study of domestic science has become in the Framingham Normal School. Said Mrs.

Wells:
"The fame of our students as good houseabroad to such an extent keepers has gone abroad to such an extent | manner. In fact, the club members are en

on any relations except those of simple friendship, utter! devoid of sentiment. In order to qualify as an eligible to this spinster club a woman must have reached the age of 17 years. She must wear long skirts, and it is urged, nay, insisted, that she arrange her hair in the most becoming manner. In fact, the club members are en-

dinirable young men, but the question naturally suggests itself:
Are they not looking for cooks and housekeepers instead of real companions?
The English women who have set at least
two continents rippling with merriment over
ther attitude toward the serious attentions
of the sterner sex are residents of Guilford,
County of Surrey.
Ordinary "bachelorhood" is not altogether
satisfactory to this set of women, so they
must needs establish a "Spinsters" Retreat," forswear the consideration of men
as matrimonial companions, and frown upon any relations except those of simple

favor of the unmarried state, or at least of procrastination.

The bachelor girl grows cautious. She makes up her mind to profit by the experience of others. She decides to look well before she leaps and the process of investigation begins to thin the ranks of the state of the

is inculcated in our men from infancy.

Fostered by a type of mother now fast disappearing and stimulated by every tale of chivalry and romance which rouses the imagination, is it any wonder that they cling to the illusion of a fireside angel?

There is much of the boy in all men worth the name. They may be wise and far-sighted in their schemes and cool-headed in their mode of carrying them out, but in their estimate of women they are as simple as children.

If you could get at the ideal woman of most men's imagination, the woman who when found is to be placed in their hearts' throne, you might discover some excuse for the shortcomings of modern wives. The requirements are, to say the least, complex. She must be loving and sympathetic, and all that his mother was to him, and more besides.

Practical Suggestions by

Mrs. Elizabeth Duer.

may be interesting to ask: "What is wrong

"Why is it yearly becoming more and

It is easy to shut our eyes to existing facts and to pretend that the marital infelicities of our own particular circle are no more frequent than they were twenty-five

years ago or that they are only keeping pace with an enlarged visiting list, but it is not true; the mishaps of domestic life are much more common than they were, and

There is hardly a man who would not answer in the words of naughty, ungallant Adam, the prototype of all husbands, "The

woman whom thou gavest me to be with

me."

In spite of the meanness of the reply, we feel some sympathy with Adam, because he had no choice, but the men of to-day are responsible for their own selection and the natural conclusion is forced upon us that their judgment is poor.

It is not too much to affirm that there are more good intelligent, desirable women in

more good, intelligent, desirable women in the world to-day than ever before, and yet things matrimontal are growing steadily worse. The reason is not far to seek; mar-

riage is the one point in which men show no common sense. They demand the latest Twentieth Cen-

tury product of prettiness, something so perfect that it proclaims an abnormally de-veloped interest in self, and then from this lovely mondaine they expect the domestic

characteristics of her great-grandmother. In other words, men have revolutionized their tastes and not their standards, and the discrepancy brings many a household to

Undoubtedly our young people are undis-ciplined, and the idea of bearing what is un-pleasant for conscience sake or for the sake of personal dignity is repudiated with

rorn.
This impatience, combined with a craze

for amusements and a contempt for all au-thority, may justly be considered as a fac-tor in the divorce suits that are disgracing the land; but besides all this, there is that other reason just mentioned—the discrep-ancy between men's tastes and standards— that is even more far-reaching.

ancy between men's tastes and standards—
that is even more far-reaching.

The trouble lies in the masculine abstract conception of the feminine character,
and—here is the point—the failure of the
modern woman to conform to this standard.

Not a willful failure, be it understood, but
one necessitated by the inherent qualities of
the kind of woman men seem to find most
attractive.

attractive.
What the average man expects of his wife could only be accomplished by more than average intelligence, and yet this is the qualification that has least bearing on falling in love. The idealization of the gentler sex is incuicated in our men from infancy.

Fortiered by a type of mether new form

in these days with matrimony?

more of a failure?"

who is to blame?

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. In the interest of practical remance—the genuine, old-fashioned article where Jack and Jill go hand in hand up the hill of life, and Jill with loving impetuosity precipitates herself headlong after Jack in disaster-it

What he calls his faults must see

what he calls his faults must seem to her rather attractive idiosyncrasies, inamuch as they pertain to the man with whom she fell in love, while his virtues dazzle her admiring eyes.

She must know by intuition the value of money and the intricacles of housekeeping, but the less natural intelligence she brings but the less natural intelligence are brings.

to bear upon these questions the more at-tractive she seems to the lover. She must be pretty, but not vain; full of innocent coquetries, to give a filip to an easily satisted temperament, but pure as

Her religious views must be orthodox, be-cause her husband, while describing himself (to himself) as respecting religion, is not often active in its support, and desires his children to be brought up under its restrain-

often active ir its support, and desires his children to be brought up under its restraining influences.

Lastiy, should disenchaniment come, it must come to him alone, and the true wife will remain as serene under neglect as she was in the time of her supremacy. For the her reward may be the reclamation of he husband—always providing she is patient and tender enough to make him feel that home is the best place to die in.

Alasi few Griseldas survive, and if they did they would not attract the young men of to-day. Our sons expect the flowers to nourish them and find the process of starvation hard to bear.

If men's Ideals were more logical their fuifilment would be simplified.

They marry silly women because they are pretty, or because they are lace furbelows, or because they have cooling ways, and then they are amazed when the short-lived happiness comes to grief. They shrink with distasts from what they call the "new woman," and yet, if they would only believe it, herein lies the salvation of the race.

By the "new woman," I do not mean a masculine, assertive creature, who has cast off her preogative of being charming, nor yet a spectacled prig, ready to challenge opinion almost before it is expressed.

I mean the woman who stands for truth and simplicity, who, wearied by the superficial, demands the real in education and life. She is no longer a child, with a veneer of reflected opinions and inherited prejudices. She is a reasoning and reasonable being, with direct aims and the common sense to apply to her abilities to whatever falls within her province.

Granted that the pioneers in the educational movement were a trifle self-conscious in regard to their success, that phase has already passed, and the younger generations accept their extended privileges as a matter of course.

No expansion can take place without a reading passed, and the younger generations accept their extended privileges.

tions accept their extended privileges as a matter of course.

No expansion can take place without a readjustment of values, and it is through one of these periods of sudden inflation and feverish excitement that the female market has just passed.

After all, they ask very little—only to keep pace with the men they leve and to share their burdens; to be valued for their intelligence as well as their beauty; to be treated by their husbands as fellow workers and not as spoiled children; in a word, to stand for Western progress and not for Oriental decadence.

A few years ago there came to this coup-

A few years ago there came to this country in a diplomatic capacity a gentleman whom it would be invidious to name more particularly than as a denizen of the land

of pigtails and polygamy.

He was accompanied by one of his wives, who was to preside over his establishment and take her place among her Western col-

The little lady found her surroundings rather overwhelming; she failed to master the language and the formal functions of official life were hardly hilarious to a person who could neither understand what was said to her nor enjoy what was given her to eat.

to eat.
At last, at a large dinner, her isolation

At last, at a large dinner, her isolation was so apparent, in spite of the good-natured efforts of the gentlemen on either side, that her husband lost patience and spoke his mind with strange frankness to the lady next to him.

"She is affectionate," said the Celestial, with a shrug, "but she has no brains. I have one with brains—but I left her at home." The sentence ended in a sigh.

The taste of the remark is more than questionable, but its application to the present subject is so apt that I venture to offer it as an object lesson to my country—men.

STRAY GOSSIP OF ► INTERESTING PLAYER FOLK



SADIE PETERS. Who is now appearing with the Rogers Brothers.

They are not only good jumpers, but fa-mous runners as well, Bleistein particularly so. He will take a fast swinging lope, keep-ing it mile after mile, up hill and down dale, over good roads and bad, fences and ditches, without seeming to tire. The President is always followed by ar The President is always followed by an orderly from Fort Meyer, who eften finds it difficult to keep pace with him. Four cavalry horses have already been worn out in this service. They have been condemned and sold, as their efforts to keep up with the President's horse have incapacitated them for further duty.

Both horses are sure-footed, which is a particularly important point in a saddle horse, and they are as gentle as can be. The President always rides in the American style, with a full-length stirrup, the leg extended, the bail of the foot only resting upon the stirrup, as ride the United States upon the stirrup, as ride the United States cavalrymen, Western horsemen and cowboys. This is sometimes called the Mexican or frontier style, in which case horse and rider are as one. In this manner the rider is able to get a rigid grip with his legs and knees upon the horse's sides, which keeps him astride his horse, no matter how he

bucks or sales.

The President would seem the fashionable English riding taught in the schools. He always wears riding boots reaching to the knee and a soft sombrero, which style of dress suits him perhaps better than any other, and recalls the days when he wore the uniform of the Rough Riders, so dear to the hearts of all patriotic Americans.

The children naturally follow the example of their father and mother, and all are more or less fond of riding. Miss Alice Roosevelt does not have much time for this form of examples. but looks are form of exercise, but looks very well mounted, having a firm seat and a graceful mounted, having a limit set often accompanies. Little Miss Ethel quite often accompanies her father and loves to get out on the country roads in a brisk canter over the bills with him. The boys, who go in for everything in the line of athletics, are, of course, keen about riding, and each and all share in this sport. Just now, Quentin, the baby of the family, is learning to ride on the little dappled pony given to Archie last the little dappied pony given to Archie last year by Secretary Hitchcock. He takes his lessons in the grounds south of the White House. As will readily be imagined, the young women of the capital devote much time to this pursuit.

Among other devotees is Miss Anna Depew Paulding, the niece of Senator Chauncey M. Depew. Miss Paulding is the daughter of the Senator's younger sister, Annie Mitchell Depew, who married William H. Paulding, and whose country home is at Peckskill, N. Y. She was educated at St. Marries Gebesl in that town in charge of Mary's School in that town, in charge of the Anglican Sisters of the Episcopal Church. She is not, however, of that faith, but is a Presbyterian. Before the Senator's marriage she was the chatelaine of his home and discharged most gracefully the many duties and social obligations incumbent upon the mistress of such a household. At the time of his marriage her uncle deeded to her a house on Nineteenth street and N. which was to be the Washington home of herself and her mother. Miss Paulding who is a cleaver women't. Paulding, who is a clever woman in many things, showed her ingenuity in the remodeling of this house, which she transformed from one in an ordinary block of houses to an artistic Colonial dwelling, Miss Paulding is tall and graceful, well formed, with brown hair and gray eyes.

a white star in the forehead and two white hind feet. The President brought it to Washington with him, and until his other hunter was bought rode it exclusively. He now rides alternately Bleistein and the other horse, Renown, a Canadian 5-year-old, dark brown and very large and strong, measuring about seventeen hands high.

Both horses are famous jumpers, Renown's record being six feet eight inches and Bleistein's being six feet five inches.

Why Miss Rehan Could Not Bring Herself to Part With the Scenery Used in Production of "The Taming of the